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'There is Elliott Cresson of Philadelphia,' I replied, 'who is now in England, acting as an agent for the Colonization Society, and imposing upon the tender credulity of the philanthropists of that country.' She did not appear to be familiar with his proceedings. 'If he is advocating the principles of that Society, and professing to speak the sentiments of Friends,' she very emphatically responded, 'WE WILL DISOWN HIM.'

Our conversation was interrupted by the approach of a large number of persons belonging to her society. 'Have you had a meeting?' I inquired. 'Yes—our Yearly Meeting is just concluded,' was the response. 'Was any thing said or done, respecting the subject of slavery?' 'O yes—perhaps never before has it excited so much conversation, or produced a livelier interest. Some of our Friends invited the colored people to assemble together, and then addressed them, bidding them take courage, and giving them good advice. Nearly 2000 persons were present. 'Ah! how you gladden my heart.'

I learnt in Philadelphia, that the late Yearly Meeting of Friends in that city felt and expressed an unusual degree of sympathy for the people of color, in view of their many trials and discouragements, and that it ordered the printing of 5000 copies of the following excellent address to them, for gratuitous distribution:

EPISTLE FROM THE YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS,

Held in Philadelphia, by adjournments from the 9th day of the 4th month to the 14th of the same, inclusive, 1832, to the People of Color residing in Pennsylvania, &c.

It is with feelings of brotherly and Christian sympathy, that we are engaged to address you at this time, to encourage you to bear up under the difficulties and trials which surround you.

Our forefathers took deep interest in the afflictions of your forefathers: they laboured faithfully in pleading their cause, and often stood forth as a mouth for the dumb. The same feeling remains among us who are their descendants. It has solemnly spread over this meeting at this time, and under its influence we now address you.

Although dangers may threaten, and dark clouds may hang over you, and you may feel great discouragements, especially in perceiving a disposition in some to pass oppressive laws against you—when you look on the right hand, you may fear there is none to help, and on the left there is none to uphold, yet remember that the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, even than the raging waves of the sea; and if you are steadily concerned to walk before Him in innocence and uprightness of heart, he will be to you a never failing friend and helper in the time of your distress.

We earnestly desire that you may be increasingly concerned, that your lives and conversation among men may be such as become the professors of the name of Christ; ever bearing in mind that the blessed Saviour was a perfect example of meekness, gentleness, and patience, under trial and deep suffering. When he was spit upon and reviled, he reviled not again, but returned blessing for cursing. He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. And so far from being among the rich and the great of this world, he declared of himself, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.'

It has been cause of great comfort to us to be informed, that among the people color residing in Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, a large number are conducting in a manner highly satisfactory to their friends. We find that many of you are industriously engaged in different callings, are bringing up your families with reputation, and are giving a good education to your children. We also learn, that by the formation of numerous societies among yourselves, for mutual assistance in times of sickness and distress, you extend aid to each other; and hence prevent many from becoming a burden to the public.

To such of you, especially, as are parents, we desire to hold forth encouragement to persevere in giving useful learning to your children to fit them for business. And may you be careful, by precept and example, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Ask counsel of Him to show you how to go in and out before your tender offspring, so that you may be enabled to raise them up in all godliness and honesty—that they may become respectable and useful members of the community, and may prove a comfort to your declining years.

To your children and youth, we feel engaged to offer a word of tender counsel. We would say to them 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.' Honour your fathers and mothers. Cultivate love and kindness to each other in your families. Keep strictly to truth, honesty, and sobriety. Be respectful and courteous in your deportment. Be industrious,—remembering that now while you are young is the all-important time to obtain useful learning, and for the formation of sound principles and correct habits. Thus as you become obedient children of the Lord, and of your parents, the Divine blessing will descend upon you.

And now, with another class we are engaged to expostulate, and to plead with them on behalf of their own souls. To you who give way to temptation, and lead an evil course of life—Oh! that we could availingly entreat you, solemnly to pause—to consider your ways, and be wise. Experience must have shown you that the way of the transgressor is hard. Look around upon your sober and exemplary neighbours,—see the comfort and happiness which they enjoy,—compare their peaceful homes with the vice and misery to be seen in yours! And further remember, that unless you are favoured to experience repentance & amendment of life, an awful judgment will await you in the world to come! While your reprehensible conduct is cause of deep distress to your best friends, it gives occasion to those who are watching over you for evil, to tell them that the People of Color are not fit to be free men and women. It grieves the hearts of your innocent and sober neighbours of your own color, who have sorely to feel the effects of your evil conduct; and it has a tendency to rivel the fitters more strongly on your afflicted brethren and sisters who are still growing in bondage. Return, then, we entreat you—repent, and live in a sober, honest, orderly and exemplary manner.

Finally we desire to encourage all to put their trust and confidence in our Heavenly Father, who sleeps not by day, nor slumbers by night; but who numbers the very hairs of our heads.

May you remember, that his arm is not shortened that it cannot save—nor his ear heavy that it cannot hear; but, for the cries of the poor and the afflicted, he will arise with healing in his wings. Righteousness will yet overspread the nations, and the prediction of the holy prophet will assuredly be fulfilled: 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.'

Then indeed the cry of the oppressed shall cease—the now bleeding Ethiopia shall availingly stretch out her hands unto God, and that glorious day will arrive when the kingdoms of this world shall become

kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Meeting by
JOHN COMLY,
Clerk of the Men's Meeting.
DOROBRAH F. WHARTON,
Clerk of the Women's Meeting.

LETTERS FROM LIBERIA.

Nothing is more surprising (except the credulity of the public) than the boldness with which the most preposterous tales are coined and circulated, through the medium of the African Repository and other publications, respecting the happiness and improvement of the colonists at Liberia. The spirit of exaggeration pervades every statement, whether made by the Governor of the Colony, or by fustian orators in this country. We make this assertion advisedly. It is extremely difficult to obtain accurate information of the true condition of the emigrants.

Many of their number are disposed to deceive their brethren in the United States, in order to induce them to emigrate, and so secure their company: others are afraid to send home a true statement of facts, lest they should suffer persecution—for those who do not speak the truth are uniformly defamed and proscribed: while others are too ignorant to be able to write.

The fine stories which are trumpeted here by captains of vessels who have visited the colony,

are to be received with very considerable abatement.

In the first place, the contrast which is

undoubtedly visible between the colonists and the natives makes the condition of the former appear

more tolerable than it really is: moreover, these

captains are, through the influence of common

prejudices upon their minds, anxious to see a re-

moval of our whole colored population, and hence

their proneness to deal in hyperbole. The truth

is, most of them take a hasty and imperfect view

of the settlement, and scarcely know any thing

more about it when they leave, (and they are

sure to hurry away with all possible despatch,) than they did before they visited it.

We now present our readers with two letters

from Liberia, which fully expose the fraud which

is practised upon the people of this country, (both

white and colored,) by leading colonizationists,

in regard to the state of the colony. We pledge

our character with the public for the authenticity

of these letters, and for the integrity and unin-

peachable character of their authors. We sup-

press their names for reasons which are given in

the first letter. Comment needless.

Liberia, Africa, Sept. 26, 1831.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I received yours of the 31st June, per schooner Zembeucan, and handed me by the politeness of Mrs

—, together with the tokens of your respects,

and was happy to hear of the good health of you and yours.

I have a great deal to say to you in this

letter; but before I enter the subject, I must pre-

serve one thing to you—and that is, profound secre-

cy as respects my name. And the reason of my

requiring this of you is, that the Colonization Soci-

ety instruct their agents to *discharge from office*,

and *treat with contempt*, all persons who will

write any thing to America contrary to their views,

notwithstanding it may be as true as truth can make it.

But so long as I feel a national love for my col-

ored brethren, I cannot forbear giving them every

necessary intelligence which will prevent their be-

ing taken in by a set of men whose object is to *decease them*, and who have been *deceiving*, and are

now *deceiving* them. I read, year after year,

their Annual Reports, and am disgusted with the

high-painted, but false colors which are put upon

their scheme;—and what is worse than all, to find

some of our leading men engaged in sending and

carrying so many untrue reports to their colored

brethren in America. For any one that is as well

acquainted with the colony as I am, to read the

reports of Mr Francis Devany before a committee of

Congress, on the 26th and 27th of May, 1830, is

enough to shock him. Mr Devany goes on to say

that there are six volunteer companies in the colony

in uniform, besides militia, amounting in all to about

500 effective men. This is as far being true as

possible. I will now give you the number of

voters who voted this year for the office of Vice

Agent. For G. R. McGill 76; for A. D. Williams

83; for J. C. Barbour 48. Now allowing about

40 minors who are only eligible to muster, it will

make about 249. So you have his 500 effective

men.

The main point on which I oppose the Coloniza-

tion Society is, that they send their travelling a-

gents throughout every section of the United States,

and gather up a parcel of people who are not more

than half civilized, and who, consequently, have no

knowledge of political affairs, and send them out

here in a most wretched and miserable condition.

Many of them have not so much as a second

habit to put on: and when they get them here,

they give them a mere cobweb support for about

six months, and then turn them loose without any

means of support, or any source by which they can

support themselves; consequently they have to sell

their clothes from their backs to purchase a lit-

tle rice of the natives. And yet Mr Devany and

others trumpet it abroad in America that there are

two thousand souls in the colony, surrounded by

sources of comfort and happiness; and the Coloniza-

tion Society are making the poor, ignorant colored

people believe, like the Irish when they emigrate to

America, that they can pick up money in the street!

There are about five persons employed by the

government; and these, in order to ingratiate them-

selves into the favor of the Agent and the Coloniza-

tion Society, are ready to mob any person who will

say any thing truly respecting the manner in which

the Society conducts the Colony; though they at

the same time agree (because the facts are too plain

to be contradicted) that the majority of the colo-

nists are in a wretched and miserable state.

In point of pecuniary means, the government is

not as well off as one of your common merchants;

consequently there are no buildings nor fortifications

carried on.

I know no claims which the Society has on me,

unless it is because I have not been able to build

myself a house since I have been here; which

claims I believe they pretend to hold, and do hold,

on all who have not built themselves houses, whether they are able to build or not.

You requested me to give you the number of emigrants now here; this I cannot do at present, but I will try to send you the number the next opportunity. The received opinion is, about 1600. Times are getting very stormy, and if they increase I shall be compelled to look out elsewhere.

I must acknowledge to you my thanks for the papers which you sent me, and hope you will send more, as I am glad to hear what the Anti-Slavery Society is doing. You will please write whenever you have a conveyance. My respects to all my friends.

I remain your friend and well wisher,

— The following letter is not of a recent date—nevertheless, the facts which it communicates are instructive.

St Paul's, Africa, Feb. 24th, 1828.

DEAR FRIEND—It affords me much pleasure, at present, to announce to you my safe arrival, and good health, both of myself and family; hoping, at the same time, that this letter will find you as it leaves me in point of health. You perhaps recollect that we often observed to each other that there never had been any letters sent to the Baltimoreans, clearly describing the difficulties consequent upon emigrating to this country. I have found since I have been here, to my great dissatisfaction, that all the letters that have hitherto been sent to the Baltimoreans, make the condition of the former appear more tolerable than it really is: moreover, these captains are, through the influence of common prejudices upon their minds, anxious to see a removal of our whole colored population, and hence their proneness to deal in hyperbole. The truth is, most of them take a hasty and imperfect view of the settlement, and scarcely know any thing more about it when they leave, (and they are sure to hurry away with all possible despatch,) than they did before they visited it.

We now present our readers with two letters from Liberia, which fully expose the fraud which

general insurrection. Its effects have already been seen. Though the sparks be concealed in the embers, they will burst forth again with greater violence, and overspread the land with ruin. Combining all the materials of war, havoc, and devastation into one tremendous cloud, like an overwhelming torrent, they will pour their savage millions over the land, through the length of it, and through the breadth of it. Like a raging pestilence, they will ravage the whole country, plunder every dwelling, and deluge the land in blood. And where will the carnage cease? They have been long oppressed. And now they have commenced, they will not cease; but will contend for their liberties to the last inch of ground, and till the last drop of blood has been sacrificed upon the altar of Freedom. Alas! as well might we expect the sun to stop in mid-heaven, or the friends of the cause, wherever he may meet them, will promptly assist him in his arduous and responsible labor of love.

For the Liberator.

ODES FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne*.

Shall Afric's children be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
That much enduring race, who long
In slavery have pined?
Oh no! they shall not be forgot—
We'll ever bear in mind
The millions of our fellow men
Who still in slavery pine.

Shall we our country's freedom bo at,
Forgetful of the sigh
Breath'd from two million countrymen,
That gives our boast the lie?
Two million of our countrymen
By countrymen oppressed!
Grief, shame and indignation swell
Each true and generous breast.

Shall woes unequalled be forgot,
Which slavery's victims bear?
The toil compelled, the hunger, stripes,
The anguish and despair!
By tyrant power asunder torn,
Bereft of all that's dear,
When husbands, wives, and brethren weep,
Have we no answering tear?

See childless parent, orphan'd child,
Though child and parent live!
Live, still the kindred tie to feel,
The parting still to grieve.

Oh no! their woes we'll ne'er forget,
We'll do, as well as feel;
Their utter, hopeless, helplessess
Shall be their strong appeal.

Shall we the days gone by forget?
Our nation's infant song,
That 'all men free and equal are,'
Which burst from every tongue?
Like auld lang syne this truth we hold,
And never will resign;
Our brethren's rights we'll still declare,
For hold lang syne.

Then have we a hand each freeman true,
And here's a hand of mine—
This holy cause must sure succeed,
If all true hearts will join.

Then here we join each heart and hand,
Resolved we'll ne'er despair;
Nor cease our brethren's cause to plead,
Till they our freedom share.

LADIES DEPARTMENT.



FEMALE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

During his recent sojourn in Philadelphia, (rendered inexpressibly delightful by the kindness of friends,) the Editor of the Liberator had the privilege of visiting and addressing a society of colored ladies, called the 'FEMALE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.' It was one of the most interesting spectacles he had ever witnessed. If the traducers of the colored race could be acquainted with the moral worth, just refinement, and large intelligence of this association, their mouths would hereafter be dumb. The members assemble together every Tuesday evening, for the purpose of mutual improvement in moral and literary pursuits. Nearly all of them write, almost weekly, original pieces, which are put anonymously into a box, and afterwards critiqued by a committee. Having been permitted to bring with him several of these pieces, he ventures to commence their publication, not only for their merit, but in order to induce the colored ladies of other places to go and do likewise. This society is at present composed of about twenty members, but is increasing, and full of intellectual promise.

TO A FRIEND.

You ask me if I do not despair on account of the Bill now before our Legislature? I am cast down, but not in despair. I am aware that it will be our lot to suffer much persecution, and I have endeavored, for the last year, to fortify my mind against approaching trials, by reading what others have suffered. In perusing Sewell's History of the people called the Quakers, I was particularly struck with the account of Barbara Blaundon, a young and timid woman, who, by the help of the Almighty, was enabled to endure cruel persecution, not only with patience but with joy. On one occasion, being severely whipped, even until the blood streamed down her back, she sang the praises of her God aloud, rejoicing

* This Bill is 'to prohibit the migration of negroes and mulattoes into the Commonwealth.' It has been postponed to the next Legislature—we trust, for the honor of Pennsylvania, postponed forever.—*Ed.*

THOUGHTS ON COLONIZATION.
Extract of a letter from a clergyman in a neighboring State.

I have been employed in reading your work on the Colonization Society. So far as I have read it, I like it: the spirit of it is good, and it will cost our opponents much labor to get over the truth and arguments there presented. It will do much to correct public opinion; and circumstances, which must be operating more and more to show the falsity of their doctrines generally and the bad spirit of their productions, will corroborate your statements and arguments. Your argument against the utility of the colony as a means of advancing christianity, if not at once perfectly convincing, is exceedingly fair and forcible, and will throw much light on the minds of those who are supporting it primarily to prove that the doctrines and operations of the Society do not retard the abolition of slavery, and prevent the rapid improvement of the free people of color. In the pulpit, he will be safe from in-

terrogation; otherwise some difficult questions might be proposed to him for an answer.

APPOINTMENT OF AN AGENT. The New-England Anti-Slavery Society has appointed ARNOLD BUFFUM, its worthy President, to visit various parts of New-England as an Agent, to deliver addresses on the subject of slavery, take up collections in aid of the funds of the Society, form auxiliaries thereto, and make every exertion to enlighten and reform public sentiment in relation to this noblest of enterprises. Mr Buffum is possessed of untiring perseverance, great clearness of moral vision, indomitable courage, and expansive philanthropy. He is, moreover, an attractive speaker. We trust his mission will prove eminently serviceable to the cause of God and of bleeding humanity, and that the friends of the cause, wherever he may meet them, will promptly assist him in his arduous and responsible labor of love.

From a Gentleman in New-York.

'Colonization is about to experience a shock, which, like the earthquake, will level all before it. A Society so manifestly iniquitous as the Colonization Society, must at some time or other fall; such a Society cannot exist long! Already have the enemies of the unholy crusade of African Colonization unfurled the banner of reason, and, led by justice and philanthropy, have begun to wage war—and the army of justice is rapidly and auspiciously augmenting.'

'The Colonization Society holds no more meetings in New-York, now! What a pity! How long before they'll stop altogether? And the Editors of the Journal of Commerce, Col. Stone, the Jew gatherer-together, &c. talk no more of 'Great Meetings!' Now should there be another insurrection, what a ferment there would be among all the great men! A dozen Colonization Meetings would be called, and, without effecting anything whatever, they would be forgotten amid the bustle of our great city.'

'Let us, my dear Sir, continue our warfare until we behold the condition of our distressed countrymen ameliorated.'

ANOTHER STATEMENT CONTRADICTED.—The Liberia Herald of Feb. 22d asserts that but two of the emigrants who went out from this country in the ship James Perkins (an old woman and a child) had died. We have seen a letter from a highly respectable colored merchant in Liberia, dated Feb. 19th, (three days prior to the publication of the Herald,) from which we make the following extract:

'This is an uncommonly healthy season, and not more than ten or twelve deaths have occurred (according to physicians' report) among the emigrants per James Perkins; but I do not think, from what I have seen, that there are more than 40 persons left of the 100 per Carolina.'

LADIES DEPARTMENT.



that she was counted worthy to suffer for his name; which increased the anger of the executioner, and made him say, 'Do ye sing? I'll make you cry by and by.' But Barbara was strengthened by an invisible power, and afterwards declared if she had been whipped to death, she should not have been dismayed. Earnestly have I prayed, my friend, that a double portion of her humility and fortitude may be ours. In despair! no, no—God is on our side. With the eye of faith, I pierce the veil of futurity, and I see our advocate, after having honorably borne the burden and heat of the day, sitting down peacefully by his 'ain fire-side.' Time has scattered a few blossoms on his head, but left his manly brow without a wrinkle. Hundreds of liberated slaves are pressing round him, eager to testify their gratitude.

See yonder mother, with her infant! She approaches him, and kneels at his feet, raises her eyes to heaven, and would speak her gratitude; but tears and sobs impede her utterance. O, her tears are far more eloquent than words.

I see black and white mingle together in social intercourse, without a shadow of disgust appearing on the countenance of either; no wailing is heard, no clanking chains; but the voice of peace and love and joy is wafted to my ear every breeze.

And what has wrought this mighty change? Religion, my sister; the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus; and such are its effects wherever it appears. Could I not thus look forward, I should indeed despair.

ZILLAH.

Philadelphia, April 1st, 1832.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell!—but thou wilt soon forget

The stranger thou hast seen,

And in the gay and busy world,

Forget that I have been.

And thought of me will scarce intrude,

When other forms are nigh;

Who, decked in beauty's bright array,

Shall pass before thine eye.

Another's lips will charm thee then,

Another's voice will praise;

Thou wilt forget we e'er have met

In past and happy days.

And thou wilt scarcely deign to think

Of friendship's early dream,

Or cast one glance, in after years,

On this poor offering.

Farewell!—farewell!—we're better far

Than we had never met,

Than meeting one brief moment here,

To part—and then forgot.

ADA.

Philadelphia, June 12th, 1832.

SLAVERY RECORD.



SLAVERY HORRIBLE AT BEST.

Extract of a letter from a Clergyman.

'I have seen several pious persons of the north who have resided at the south, who give their unqualified testimony against slavery. Men of business are apt to apologize for the south, if they expect again to visit it for wealth; but men who are not influenced by such motives declare slavery, as it exists in our country, *horrible at best*. In the south-west, the hardships of the blacks are awful. They are almost uniformly driven from day-break to star-light, with only a short interval for dinner. Young females on most of the plantations hold the plough in Mississippi, and work as long as the men. Slaves are high in that state—a common hand will bring \$500. Mulattoes are house servants generally, and are much higher—and superior female mulattoes will bring \$1000 each. The Colonization Society begins to receive patronage from many slaveholders—a few from benevolent motives, who are willing to release their slaves—but generally because they wish to get rid of the free people, and to hold their slaves the more securely.'

SLAVERY IN THE WEST INDIES.

In the April number of the Edinburgh Review, some infamous facts on the treatment of British slaves are given in a review of Jeremie on Colonial Slavery.

Mr Jeremie was the Chief Justice of St. Lucia and had expressed to the under Secretary of State, in writing, an opinion favorable to the condition of the Slaves. Having sent off the opinion, which was made without examination, he saw a negro with a collar riveted around his neck with three prongs ten inches in length, and at the end of which were three more, an inch long, connected by a chain, with tenets at the angle. His back and limbs were covered with wounds. This collar was worn day and night. The females by way of punishment were hung by the arms to a peg, and the whole weight of the body rested on the wrists and the tips of the toes. The field stocks constituted another mode of torture; and it is a pity that they should not plague the inventor. The hands are inserted in grooves which may be raised high above the head, and the feet are inserted in others, while the toes only touch the ground. Pregnant women are not exempted.—Was there ever an age of Chivalry, or of Justice? Mr Jeremie in his capacity of Judge had to decide in the case of an overseer against a proprietor for wages; and the latter filed an account in offset; which, to show the cool manner of conducting such claims in the West Indies, we copy. After a few items of soap, candles, &c. comes,

'For the value of John, the Cooper, flogged to death by you, \$400

For the price of the negress Mary Clare who died by bruisures received by you, \$300

The judge discussed the proof as a mere matter of account, but as one case only was clearly proved de-

ducted only the \$300. Who was the proprietor that trafficked thus in murder? He was the former Chief Justice of the Colony. Mr Jeremie mentions a complaint in which a planter was charged with having murdered six or eight slaves in as many years. The complaint originated in a dispute, and not for justice or humanity. It however produced a general alarm, and the criminal escaped. The murderer, however, made a charge of the value of one slave to the public treasury, which was paid on the ground that he was killed as a runaway. Mr Jeremie at length had his eyes opened to the colonial standard of right and wrong, and he saw that his instances were not peculiar to St. Lucia. He refers to the case of Mr. and Mrs. Moss, in the Bahamas, who suffered a short imprisonment for killing a young female slave, by confinement in the stocks, repeated flogging, and rubbing in her eyes capsicum pepper. When released from Prison, they were honored with a public dinner. What must be the people where an act like this is honored? A more general way, however, is for the grand jury to ignore a bill for murder.—*Courier*.

THE WEST INDIES.

By the brig Ambassador, Captain Vaughan at New York, Jamaican papers to the 24th May inclusive, have been received.

His Majesty's schooner Speedwell captured on 7th, after a chase of 11 hours, and sent into Havana, a Spanish slaver, with 239 slaves on board. The ship was called 'the Planeta.'

The Port of Spain (Trinidad) Gazette Extraordinary gives an account of an extensive destruction of growing cane on several estates by fire. From the conduct evinced by the slaves during the conflagration, it was feared that a still greater destruction would follow.

An insurrection of negroes had been made into the town of Angostura. They got possession of the fort, but were eventually driven out with great slaughter.

The state of insubordination among the slaves at Berbice, is represented as very alarming.

Mr. Light's 'ESSAYIST,' for June, exhibits a fair amount of talent. The writer of the sketches under the head of 'American Pulpit,' evinces much care in their composition—much fairness, on the whole, in his awards—and no small share of critical acumen. His sketch of the Rev. Dr. Beecher, in the present number, is tolerably accurate. *Contents:*

Dr. Lyman Beecher; To Somnus; Spectator, No. 2—Our Country; Modern Charity; To a Backwood's Boy; Musical Taste; The Insane Hospital at Charlestown; To —; Fred. Tripler; A Trip Eastward; Love of Country; Associations for Mutual Improvement in Providence, R. I.; Love Melancholy, No. 1; Essayist Room—Literary Notices.

Agents and Subscribers! the publishers of the Liberator are greatly in need of money to liquidate bills to a considerable amount. Will you help us out of our dilemma?

The Editor acknowledges, with pleasure, the superior ability and interest which were imparted to the columns of the Liberator, by the gentlemen to whom the paper was entrusted during his recent absence.

Mr. A. S. Jones's eighth Letter, and other communications next week.

Mr. Robert C. Gordon, 212, South 7th Street, Philadelphia, is authorized to act as an Agent for the Liberator in that city.

Letters received at this office from June 22, to June 29, 1832.

Rev. S. S. Jocelyn, New Haven, Ct.; Henry C. Prier, Port-au-Prince; Edward Johnson, Lynn, Mass.; James Leach, Chillicothe, Ohio; James Needham, Philadelphia, Pa.; Eli Hazzard, Buffalo, N. Y.; Homes Gaillard, Port-au-Prince.

Execution of Mina.—On Thursday, about half past 9 o'clock, A. M. the culprit Mina was taken from his prison in Doylestown, and conducted to the gallows. Very early in the morning Mina had a barber called, who shaved him and dressed his hair in a fashionable style. He wore a handsome new black frock coat, black vest, and light pantaloons, and black hat. He walked with great composure to the gallows, where he remained more than an hour conversing with the sheriff, Mr Morris, his Counsel, Mr McDowell, and a clergyman. There was apparently no fear of death in the man, and he manifested scarcely less desire to appear at ease and stylish than if he was going to a ball room. At half past 11 A. M. the drop fell from under him, and Mina was launched into eternity.

Address on Slavery.—An address on Slavery was delivered by Mr. Arnold Buffum, in Mr. Lamson's meeting-house, on Sabbath evening last. A respectable audience listened attentively for more than an hour to a touching recital of the wrongs of the African slaves, and a powerful appeal in their favor.—*Dedham Politician*.

Rev. Moses Thacher of Wrentham, has consented to deliver an Oration before the Anti-slavery Convention at Augusta, Me. on the 4th July.

Ten deaths in Philadelphia week before last from *Mania a Potu*, or madness from rum.

MARRIED.—In Philadelphia, on the 25th inst. by the Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, Mr. George Andrews to Miss Emily Dudley, both of P.

DIED.—At South Boston, Moses Augustus, son of Moses Comett, aged 7 months.

THE SHRINE. This day published by COTTONS & BARNARD. The Shrine, conducted by a number of undergraduates in Amherst College, Vol. I.—No. 2.

Contents—Eloquence; The Dying Milane; English Bards—Win. Wordsworth; To Laura; The Writings of Junius; The Pursuit of Truth; The Renunciation; The Oath; The Character of King David; Night; Solitude; Misapplication of Talent; Conversation on Painting, Sculpture and Poetry; Sonnet; To a Lady. Literary Notices, etc. etc.

Subscriptions received at Cottons and Barnard's, No. 184 Washington street.

LITERARY.

[For the Liberator.]

ON DISSIPATION.

Not the jaws of Charybdis, nor the hoarse rocks of Scylla,
Not all the fell monsters that lurk in the deep,
Not the earthquake's dread yawn, nor the volcano's lava,
Not the pestilence breath, nor the hurricane's sweep;

Not all the dread monsters that live through creation,
Have caused such destruction, such misery and woe,
As from that arch pest of mankind, Dissipation,
Through the civilized world, incessantly flow.

'T is a vortex insatiate, on whose giddy bosom
The victim is whirled, till his senses are gone;
Till, lost to all shame and the dictates of reason,
He lends not one effort to ever return.

Ah, view on its surface the ruins of genius,
The wreck of the scholar, the christian and friend,
The learning, the wit, and the graces that charmed us,
In the mind-drowning bowl meet a premature end.

Ah! here drowned in tears the inconsolable mother
Lamented the lost state of a favorite son;
Here the wife and the child, the sister and brother
Mourning a husband, a father, a brother undone.

THE INDIAN BOY.

[SELECTED.]

From the blood-stained track of ruthless war
An Indian boy had fled;

Remote from his home in the wild woods far,
A moss bank pillow'd his head.

His glossy hair was damp with dew,
His air was mild and meek;

And it seemed that a straggling tear or two
Had wandered down his cheek.

For he saw in his dream the bayonets gleam,
He saw his kindred fall;

And he heard his mother's dying scream,
And the crackling flames take all.

In his feverish sleep he turned and rolled,
Mid the fern and the wild flowers gay;

And his little hand fell on a rattlesnake's fold,
As coiled in the herbage it lay.

His head the stately reptile raised,
Unclosed his fiery eye;

On the sleeping boy for a moment gazed,
Then passed him harmless by.

'T was well, young savage, well for thee,
It was only the serpent's lair;

Thy fate perchance would different be,

Had the white man slumbered there.

His short nap o'er, up rose the child,
His lonely way to tread;

Through the deepest gloom of the forest wild
His pathless journey led;

Where high in air the cypress shakes
His mossy tresses wide;

O'er the beaver's stream and the dark blue lakes,
Where the wild duck squadrons ride.

At the close of the day in a wildering glen,
A covert met his view;

And he crept well pleased in the sheltering den,
For chilly the night wind blew.

And soon his weary eyelids close,
Though something touched his ear;

'T was only the famished she-wolf's nose,
As she smelt for her young ones near.

And forth she bared at the noon of night,
To seek her customary prey;

And the Indian boy at the peep of light,
He too pursued his way.

'T was well, young savage, well for thee,
It was only the wild beast's hair;

Thy fate perchance would different be,

Had the white man slumbered there.

But where, alas! poor wanderer! canst thou stay,
Where white intruders shall molest no more?

Like ocean's billows, their resistless way,
A whelming deluge spreads from shore to shore.

Their onward march, insatiate as the grave,
Still shall they hold;—to provoke province join,

Till bounded by the broad Pacific's wave,

Their giant empire seas alone confine.

And lo! their missions distant clinches explore,
To spread the joyful tidings far—

While wrapped in ten-fold shrouds at their door,
The forest children find no guiding star.

ODE TO NEPTUNE.

ON MRS W.—'S VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY, AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

While raging tempests shake the shore,
While Elus' thunders round us roar,
And sweep impetuous o'er the plain!
Re still, O tyrant of the main!

Not let thy brow contracted frowns betray,
While my Susannah skims the watery way.

II.

The power propitious bears the lay;
The blue-eyed daughters of the sea
With sweater cadence glide along,
And Thames responsive joins the song.
Pleased with her notes, Sol sheds benign his ray,
And double radiance decks the face of day.

III.

To court thee to Britania's arms,
Serene the climes, and mild the sky,
Her region boasts unnumbered charms;
They welcome smiles in every eye.
Thy promise, Neptune, keep; record my prayer,
Nor give my wishes to the empty air.

SONNET.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Hold your mad hands! forever on your plain
Must the gorged vulture clog his beak with blood?
Forever must your Niger's tainted flood
Roll to the ravenous share his banquet slain?
Hold your mad hands! what demon prompts to rear
The arm of slaughter? On your savage shore
Can hell-sprung glory claim the feast of gore,
With laurels watered by the widow's tear?

Wreathing his helmet crown? Lift high the spear!
And like the desolating whirlwind's sweep,
Plunge ye you bark of anguish in the deep:
For the pale fiend, cold hearted Commerce there
reaches his gold-gendered pestilence air,
And calls to share the prey his kindred demon war.

THE BLUSH.

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring,
To revel in the roses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London Metropolitan.

A SCENE IN THE LAST WAR.

The war with France being over, Sir Peter Parker took leave of his wife at Bordeaux, and we, with a large convoy, with troops, made sail to the coast of America. We arrived in the Chesapeake at the time that the detestable war of configuration was at its height. When we entered the Potowmac, a large river which empties itself into the Chesapeake, the fertile shores of this beautiful abode presented the sad effects of the war: when each side houses were burning with fearful rapidity, and when night came on, they resembled the signal fires of the Indians, blazing in all the horrors of destruction. The next day our marines accompanied the marines attached to the rest of the squadron in one of these expeditions. We were commanded by Sir G. Cockburn in person, and with him as an amateur, was the late gallant General Ross, who was afterwards killed at Baltimore. Our destination was up a river which runs at the back of St George's Island; and the object was to destroy a factory, which was not only the abode of innocent labor but likewise the resort of some few militia-men guilty of the unnatural sin of protecting their own country. We started in the morning, and having landed about five miles up the river, proceeded along a pretty fair road, flanked on each side by large woods which led to the factory. General Ross directed the movements of our skirmishes, and instructed our general in some of the safeguards of a land army. When we arrived within two hundred yards of the town, Sir Peter gave the word for his division to charge; and at full trot we arrived at the factory. Our approach had been long known; every one but the women and children had deserted the town, and had taken with them most of the implements of their labor; we therefore most valiantly set fire to the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears and cries of the women; and like a parcel of savages, as we were, we danced round the wreck of ruin. It is now of no use to dive into the reason why this savage mode of warfare was resorted to; it was generally asserted to be merely retaliation in the South, for aggression in the North; in short, as the Americans burnt right and left in Canada, we did them the same compliment in the Chesapeake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militiaman was burnt; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, General Ross went on board the Admiral's ship, while Sir G. Cockburn and Sir P. Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore immediately behind St George's Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling house near the beach.—It was 9 o'clock in the evening; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir-trees; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at hand. All was hushed and quiet, with the exception of the chirping cricket and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house; the door was open, and we unmercifully intruded ourselves upon three young ladies, sitting quietly at ten, occupying themselves with their work, and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir G. Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker and myself entered the room rather suddenly, and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn had naturally an austere countenance; but Sir Peter Parker, who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile and a cheerful demeanor. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter; but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. Sir George asked for the Colonel, their father. He was out, and not expected home. 'He provided arms for some of the militia?' continued Sir George. 'There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies, which was followed by these words—'I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility; but your father has mainly assisted in arming the militia, and I now do my duty. In ten minutes time I must set fire to this house, therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn the premises.' Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all despatch. Not so the young ladies; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart and leave them to their home and their father: 'They never assisted in the war, excepting to succor a wounded enemy.' They never urged their father to arm the militia: they were, in fact, unprotected females.—Five minutes had elapsed; in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl about sixteen, and lovely beyond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker's knees, and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment, and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene, that I appeared to see through a thick mist. There stood Sir George. His countenance unchanged and unchangeable; his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her open hands; another stood a kind of Nobe in tears; while the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter. His feelings soon overcame his duty, and he had begun a sentence, which the Admiral cut short; the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fireballs. Never shall I forget the despair and anguish of that moment. Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat; the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again and again vainly implored him to countenance the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of desolation, which made the innocent houseless, and the affluent beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George. I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interferes with his duty. The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out, 'Begin!' was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men. [! ! !]

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impresses itself upon my heart, and which my memory and my hand unwillingly recall and publish.

The Editors of the N. Y. Com. Advertiser consider that if disease does come to New York, it will be soon after the revels of the 4th of July. It is a fact familiar to our attentive readers, that the Cholera first appeared in England immediately after the dissipations and revels of the Christmas holidays.

A New Orleans paper mentions the death in that city on the 19th ult. of a negro, a native of St. Domingo, aged one hundred and thirty-three years.

FABLES.

[Translated from the German of Lessing.]

The Nightingale and the Vulture.

A Vulture pounced upon a singing Nightingale. Since you sing so sweetly, said he, how deliciously must you taste!

Was it jesting malice, or was it simplicity, what the vulture said? I know not. But yesterday I heard one say: that young lady who writes poetry so beautifully, must she not be a most lovely young lady? and that was surely simplicity!

Æsop and the Donkey.

The Donkey said to Æsop: when you publish another story about me, pray let me say something right sensible and witty.

Say something witty! said Æsop; how would that look? Would not men say that you were the moralist, and I the ass?

The Lion with the Donkey.

As the Lion with the Ass, who used, by his frightful noise, to help him drive the wild beasts, was going to the woods, an impudent crew cried out to him from a tree: A fine companion you have! are you not ashamed to go with an Ass? Whomever I can use to my profit, replied the Lion, to him sure I will afford to give my company.

So think all the great, when they receive intimation to their intimacy.

The Nightingale and the Lark.

What shall we say to those poets, who steer their flight so high above the comprehension of the greater part of their readers? What else, than what the nightingale once said to the lark: Fly! then so high, my friend, only that thou mayest not be heard?

The Shepherd and the Nightingale.

Do you complain, Favorite of the Muses, on account of the vulgar and noisy crowd, which hangs around Parnassus? Then hear from me, what once was said to the Nightingale.

Sing now, lovely Nightingale! said a shepherd to the silent songstress, on a beautiful summer's evening.

Alas! said the Nightingale, the frogs make so much noise that I have no desire to. Do you not hear them?

Do indeed hear them, replied the Shepherd, but your silence is the reason why I hear them.

The Knight in Chess.

Two boys wanted to play Chess. As one of the Knights was wanting, they made a supernumerary pawn to serve in its place, by means of a mark.

Halloo, cried the other knights, where did you come from, Mr. Step-by-Step?

The boys heard the sport, and said: Be still! does he not answer the same purpose as you do?

Augusta Courier.

SUICIDES AT PARIS.

In a recent number of the 'Annales d'Hygiène,' there is a memoir on the suicides committed by persons in the several stages of life, in which the author, who has examined about 9,000 judicial accounts of suicides in Paris, from 1796 to 1830, thinks himself warranted in assuming: 1. That philosophical or premeditated suicide takes place during the night, or a little before day-break: 2. That accidental or unpremeditated suicide takes place during the day, because it is then that the occasional causes arise, such as quarrels, bad news, losses at play, intemperance, &c. &c. At every age man chooses particular modes of committing suicide. In youth he has recourse to hanging, which he soon abandons for fire-arms: in proportion as his vigor declines, he returns to his former mode; and it is most commonly by hanging that the old man perishes who puts an end to his existence. These considerations are extremely curious with respect to medical jurisprudence. The following table shows the mode of suicide most common at different ages:

Age.	Pistol.	Hanging.
From 10 to 20	61	68
20 to 30	283	51
30 to 40	182	95
40 to 50	150	188
50 to 60	161	256
60 to 70	126	235
70 to 80	35	108
80 to 90	2	0
	1000	1000

The author, it seems, has taken no account of self-destruction by poison, drowning, or other modes.—Paris paper.

Singular Act of Violence and Suicide.—On the homeward passage of brig Aurora, Capt. Chase, at this port, from St. Croix, when three days out, the cook, a colored man, named John Harvey, about 10 o'clock at night, it being the mate's watch, struck four violent blows with an awning post on the head and face of one of the seamen, forward, and then jumped overboard. Capt. Chase was immediately on deck, the vessel was hoisted to, and the boat lowered, but the man made no answer to the call, and nothing could be perceived of him. The seaman who was injured, whose name was Ebenezer Johnson, of this city, remained insensible for nearly the whole passage, and has not yet recovered from his wound. No quarrel had occurred between the others and Harvey, who had given good satisfaction to all on board; but from some strange expressions of Harvey, it is believed by Capt. C. that he was seized with a violent fit of insanity. Harvey is said to have a wife in Portland, and parents in Salem, where he was born. His effects may be obtained.—Boston Patriot.

Unparalleled Parsimony.—Monsieur Vandeville was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1735 he was worth one million sterling.

At the age of 32 he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send, for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to treat him. The surgeon, who asked him ten pence for the operation, he was